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HIS account of Pudding Sneth he-gins properly with old man Solomon Sneth, flatboatman, in the days when steamboats and railways were not.

were not. Everyone in Jacks Branch, Tennessee, knew the legend that old man Solomon, in one of his early flatboating trips down the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississipi Rivers, fell in with the raft that hore Abraham Lamoln on his historic journey to New Or-

leans.

That adventure became the most precious heirloom in the Sneth family. It was hauded down from father to son, it reached Andrew Johnson Sneth in the shape of, "When yore daddy was on Linkers," and, etc." It reached James K. Polk Sneth raft, etc." It reached James K, Polk Sneth-chd in, "When your grandaddy went down the Mississip with Linkern, etc." and it filtered down to Theodore R. Sneth, hetter known in Jacks Branch as Pud, or Pudding, Sneth, in this shape: "When your great-grandaddy rafted with President Linkern, he never would have thought his great grandson would want to leave home and jine the navy."

Pud's mother had used just this expres-

sion, which was unfortunate, for Pudding immediately retorted that "President Link-ern would be about us stout for the Amerern would be shout as stout for the American nevy as anybody, because he owned it onct." Then Pud sat down by his mother on a log, for he had started walking to the railroad station eleven miles distant, and she had gone part of the way with him. He sat down, drew out a least showing a khaki-dressed youth gayly signaling a man o' war from the top of a tropical tree, and underneath Pud spelled out painfully, "See the world, good nay, promotion."

undermenth Pul spences out panning, "See the world, good pay, promotion."

They must have sat fifteen minutes longer, the old mountain woman staring silently at her gigantie son with tears in her eyes for fear of how the world would treat him. And the son sat, hundle at side, stonched over mountain fashion, his bline eyes full of far lands and blue seas, and in lis cars came the rush of waves and the rattling of palms in the wind.

Presently the lad arose, picked up his hundle and a lunch

designed to last him until he reached the recruiting station at Chatta-

nooga. "Well, good-hy,

mammy."
The old woman was berself tall, but she had to lift her arms high to reach her hoy's neck. "Good-by, son, good-by. Be — he good-by. Be — he a g-good hoy"— the formula for the formula for parting mothers and sons the whole world over. A hard lump came in the She stared at her son old wo man's throat, and only her mountain stoicism kept her formula for the start of the s

her from breaking down completely. They kissed each other solemnly, with the parting of years on them. Then she sat down on the log again with her fist pressed hard

against her quivering month, and he strode lithely down the trail, a giant born of the mountains, and the click of antipadal palms reasserted itself in his dreaming

ears.

Some eighteen months later, Pud Sneth sat in the cools's galley of the Minnesota, a large undershirted, sweaty giant, peeling potatoes. The muectes of his hairy forearm undulated gently as he drew his knife over the spuds and tossed them in a tub of water. The big mountaineer at this work looked like a Coriss engine making toothpieks. There was an absurdity between the force in reserge and the dribbling works. picks. There was an absurdity between an force in reserve and the dribbling work ac complished.

Compused:

Now and then the youngster twisted his long body on the stool, or stretched a long leg, and the heavy thigh muscles stood up like rubber ridges. He drew deep hreaths of the steamy food-scented atmosphere, and of the steamy lood-scenced atmosphere, and it sickened him. It seemed to him that he had heen in the galley a week on a strotch. He had a hoy's exaggerated sense of time. He had not the fine bronze sunburn of the sailors on deek, but the steamed whitish sailors on deek, bu look of a galley boy.

one or a gainey noy.

"I got to do something," he thought angrily to himself. "This sin't work; my—
mammy could do this." Here he hroke
off to wonder ahruptly why the navy didu't.
have women to do women's work. In the
mountains the distinction hetween woman's work and men's work is cleanly cut, though the women often get over on the nien's side and do a man's work. There is no reci-procity, however.

Through a porthole misty with steam, Pud glimpsed a dim image of a spit of sand and a clump of palms. A tantalizing vision filtered through his brain of climbing a palm for cocoauuts. He snipped his potatoes viciously.

"Call this seeing the world—looking through a little round stempy port!" At that moment Schwartz, chief cook, punched his helper sharply in the ribs, bawl-

"How many times do I haff to tell you to quit peeling spuds and wash these boilers slready."

The punch caught Sneth's breath. Next

The punch caught Sacth's breath. Next instant the mountaineer swing out a corded arm, landed on the chef's midriff, and slammed him against the steel bulkhead like a

bulkhead like a lump of dough. The round red-faced man glared at his assistant be-fore breath re-turned. Then he

turned. Then he flured.

"Haff you gone mad, you long crane! Hit me like that? I vill report you. Hit yanr superior! It ies mutiny, repellion, into der brig! You..."
His voice smuttered. His voice spattered

She stared at her son with tears in her eyes. Out
Pud Sneth stared at the fit man's round purple face, and a sudden fear seized him for what he had done—struck a superior. He looked straight at the little man and wanted to tell him that the blow was automatic, almost accidental, but Pud had no such words at his command, would never have gut the idea out. He swallowed, nounbled out something to the effect that 'he diln't go to do it," and this maile Schwartz more

sometiming to the elect that "the dinh" gar to do it," and this mails Schlwartz mere angry then ever.

"Didn't go di it, eh? You vill ser, when you are rossling in deel rieg deabled oop the a jacknie! Didn't go to do it!" the big brown to lies, so the proposition of active clean to the big brown to lies. So the state of the big brown to lies, so the big brown to lies, so that the big brown to lies, so the state of the big brown to lies. The big brown to lies, so the state of the big brown to lies, so the big brown to lies, so the big brown to lies, and the big brown to lies be brown to lies, and the big brown to lies be brown to lies by brown to lies by

ter. All afternoon he watched the elect out of the corner of his eye, waiting for him to report. The giant went altont his wark trying to frame some defense when he was some. He had struck his superior. He could feel himself jaramed down in the sat-perheated brig, has hammock and blunkets thrust in after bim, there in blunk darkness to wait the endless hours.

Suddenly life on the Minnesota he-came unhearable. He was a cook's boy, he had intended to be had intended to be in the signal corps sow speaned He had-fancied promotion, would come, but be-yond a two-dollar raise at the end of the first six morths he had received no more. It had not occurred to Pud to go after a hetter borth, prepare him-self, work for it. He simply did his chores and thought fortune and thought fortune would come his way at last. He was one with a million other such Puddings in the

world. Sneth went on rebelliously through the day's grind, and late in the evening all the men went out leaving him and Schwartz slone in the galley. The chief was taking his final look over his depart.

look over his depart-ment, then he removed his white canvas coat from a hook, pulled it ou, and waddled up the companionway to the cleek. Pud nervously watched him go. In a few moments he expected the brisan would come down and arrest Nim. The cook's boy atared at the polished bress handrail of the companionway. Be suddenly decided be would not be found in the galley. He went up the stairs three at a stride and reached the after deek. the after deck

up the stars three at a stride and resence the after deek. Night was beginning to fall with the awiffness of the tropics. Suddenly electric lights sported out all over the buge lattle-ship. Pad was directly under the slare of one. He got out of the way quickly. He moved quietly along the gun deek, keeping in the shadows until he reached the cutter shing in on deck from the dwist. He crept leng in on deck from the dwist. He crept into this and was concealed. A coll of rope lay in the cutter's low. Pul sat down on this and stared up into the curvalle green sky, out of which a single pear-loof star-was just beginning to gliminer. A medley of nervous disappointed thouts switch through much he had re-viewed in light. The had swerely made a friend on shapboart. None of the brick fel-lows understood the silence of the moun-tainer.

A droot of smake (wisted out of the after A droot of sinche twisted out of the after funnel high above Pedr's level and swirled away on the southwest wind to lose itself in the linge weening of the darkening sky. A gull swooped in close to the mitter with a dry croaking. On the forward deck the boys hughed and talked and boxed and

song,
Suddenly the largle Sounded tape in bold,
silvery nodes. There easie a running to and
fro. The pleasant confusion of the forward
deck sonk to a whisper. The mulled throl
of the engines below became the dominant
sound. The seat-thic sky was new provdered with stars.

Pad shavered, for he knew awaiting for him below was an officer who would agreet him.

Into reach was it control to the normal problem. In the normaging siloner, Pud thrust his-lead cover the critter's garb-sard med glauced ap and down the enormous deck. No one was near line. The horers of his clan in the normalisms for any sort of arrest sweet over him. He stores eventionally, bods the read of the rape upon which he sat, and hovered it overheard. He played it out gently made its end-drugged the slow swell of the sea. He gave the upper cold at turn moroid a thick, then cropt over the side is noiselessly that



as a mountain panther. He lowered himself gently hand over hand until he was in the warm sea, then he drepped the rope and struck out sliculty for the distant shore.

On the bridge stood two young subalterns enjoying the mysterious night charm of trepical seas. Both leaned on the rail and perused the ocean fivedly as if it might bell them some strange secret.

Presently one of them pointed at a circling phosphoresener in the water where it seemed that sourching was moving away from the dark bulk of the lattle-slip.

"What da you suppose that is, Tazewell?" queried his brother officer in a low vaice.

weil? queried ins protite obsert in a tow vince. As lunck," opined Taxewell, dreamly; "there are a lot of them in these waters." Both young West Pointers had oecasion to remember the incident next morning at roll call when the news scattered over the slip that cools's loy Sueth had either fallen board and drowned or deserted.

Holidays on shipboard mean a hig dinner, no drill, and easy shore leave, but for Licu-temant Tazewell and his friend Boucher it meant a pig hunt in the Sierra Mountains north of Gunntanano Bay.

The dawn of February twelfth found the hunters already ashore Irulging through a



niedmont country, where thorn hedges grew high around sugar fields, and the avenue they followed was lined with tall taper

Royal palms.

The conversation of the two officers ran The conversation of the two officers ran idly over the ship's goasp, which of their gun crews would win the ship's cup at the uext hattle practice, whether the Queen Elizabeth or the new hattleshops the United States was building were the more powerful type of vessel; the use of submarines in target of prace and war.

type of vessel; the use of summarines in times of peace and war.

The white shell road, built by the Amer-ceans, ended abraptly in the higher levels of the foothills, and the young West Pointers found themselves in a native path that was little more than a niche in the deuse growth of the jungle; presently even this vanished and the country was given over to the reign

of enimals.

Parakeets and cockatoos flashed among the dense vines, sereaming and croaking. A monkey rau chattering up a rosewood, and to the horror of the hunters, they

to the horror of the hunters, they saw giding after him a majn, or native hoa constrictor at least eighteen feet long. But it was mere antipathy that caused the last to shudder. There are no stakes in Guba that are either poisonous or dangerous to man. The majn is huge, but hurnaless. The sun was well up now, and here and there solitary mays penetrated the dense gloom in spears

here and there solutory rays peue-trated the dense gloom in spears of heat and brilliant light. But-terflies of jewellike brilliance and huc zigzagged aimlessly through green interstices, gaudy chame-leons darted here and there, while

ions darted here and there, while the thin mass whine of mosquitees and gnats filled the sailor's ears with a faint swelling riythm, as if these tmy citizens of the air shouted in chorus amid the in-tincaires of some airy dance. A loud grunt and a great crash-ing in the deose undergrowth noti-fied the tars that they had jumped a drove of wild hogs. Both youths threw up their rifles, peering with all their eyes for a sight of the game. Both failed, but Tazewell swa a rubling wave in some saw all there can be a solution of the can be saw a rushing wave in some saw grass und kanns. He fired at grass und kanns. He fired at grass and the can be saw and the can be saw.

Both hunters rushed to the spot beneath the banyan that over-spread their path like a muny-

Suddenly Tazowell, who was in front, stopped stock still. "Why here he is!" he cried, "in

a hole!

"A hole?" echoed Boucher

"A hole?" eclosed Boucher.

Tazewell pushed the harrel of his rifle down through a Mack aperture in some metted grass, aud an angry grunting cane from henceth. "Yes, a pit."

"It's sonebody's pig trap."

"Well, it's our pig." declared Tazewell, "we shot it."

Both hoys began planning to get the pig out of the pit. As they glanced about them, they observed mangeos, bunnans, and pine upples scattered in the deep grass about the trap.

"It's pretty well lastied," observed Bousler as he looked about for a strong lians to loop under the catch and drag it out.

for a strong hant to loop under the each and drag it out.

He had just cast his eyes up, when be suddenly yelled and braced humself. The next instant a tattered giant of a creature swung out of the heavy arch of the hanyan limbs and handed like a thanderbott on the two officers.

Hardly knowing what they lad encountered, the two young fellows fought desper-ately, but iron arms had caught them about eks and rainined them together headthe neess and runned then together need-long into the grass and tangled vince. Thoy could not push themselves up, for they had no support. They tred to wriggle out of this thing's grasp, lut be jammed them into the lush growth worse than ever for their

poins.

Presently Tazewell felt u huge hand run a hana in under his ollows and across his back, and then draw his arms tightly hehind him and tie them fast. When this was accomplished, all pressure was removed from him and he knew that Boucher was undergoing the same orden! Tazewell tried to pull himself up, but without the aid of his hunds he could not nunago it, and there he stude shout helf covered in uness and cough stuck about helf covered in vines and tough grasses, with his face scratched from thorns and saw-edged reeds. "Senor," he called in a mulled voice, "Yo no dissear su cochimillo!" which was

sayed other apologetic phrases he had picked up in Guanatanamo, and from Boucher he heard u faint, "Un equivicacion," scuor!" or, "A mistake!" As to who was making the mistake, Boucher did not know

making the mistake, Boucher did not know enough Spanish to say.

A moment later is great hand drew the two sailors out of their phight as easily as if they had been children. They twisted around and sat down on the grass blinking their eyes. Then both blurted out in

amazens 'Sneth!

"Saeth!"
The cook's boy gazed at them gloomly, His face was brown enough from the sun now and his canava jacket, which he had been forced to keep so clean on the Minnesota, was dirty and torn. Even his stout leather shoes were sawed from jungle grass.
But for all that Saeth looked like a brouze

very had Spanish for, "I do not desire your pig."

There was no reply, and Tazewell essayed other applogetic phrases he had deem by the eyes he did not see the crooked dreamy blue eyes he did not see the crooked dreamy blue eyes he did not see the crooked arching trunks of the banyan, nor the huge eciba tree just heyond it; instead, he saw the gray beauty of the Great Smokies in East Tennessee, and a mountain trail lead-ing to a log cubin where an old woman sat in the doorway watching.

What were you doing up in the tree,

'It's where I stay," explained the moun-

"It's where I stay," explained the mountaines, briefly."
Where you stay?" pondered Boucher.
Sach nodded indifferently, "You see I can climb this spraddlin' tree case, and from the top of it I kin git to the fast branches of that big tree thar," nodding toward the ceiba, "and then I can go on up about a hundred and fifty feet, whar I can see the Minnesota and Guantamum Bay."
"And what were you watching us for?"

"Heroic soul in homely garb half hid: Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint."

giant upon whom these foolish rags were ac-

At last Boucher found his tongue, "Why did you leap on us like that, Snoth?" he de-

manded warmly.

The cook's hoy made uo answer, but a rose slowly, picked up the two rifles, and leaned them against one of the bunyan trunks, then he looked houghtfully into the pit where the pig still granted occasionally.

"Why did you jump on us?" repeated Boucher with an officer's insistence.

"Because you're after me, want to teke me bock," explained the giout shortly.

The two West Pointers claused at each mai ded warmly.

The two West Pointers glauced at each

other with a trace of numsement.

"Sueth," said Tazowell, "you are six feet
and a half of wonderful conceit. Do you imagine two officers would have chased you. We'd have sent some men if we had wanted

you."
"That's what I thought, too," agreed the
cook's boy, sitting down on his heels, mountain Isshion, and leening against a bunyan
trunk; "but you came younselves."
"We were out lumning for game," esplained Taxewell. "We were after the pig
that fell inth your pit."
The cank's boy said nothing, did not look
at the officers, but stared up through the
dense crash of flored and minnal life, squatting sileutly on his heels. He felt greatly vou.

demanded Tazewell, with rising interest in this queer primitive fellow.

"When you leave, I'm gwine back to Guantananao, git th' direction heek to Havens, and walk home."

"O," said Trazewell, "homesiekuess."
Sneth frowed and looked around skurply. Ho would be accused of no such weakness.

"Want for?" inquired Tazewell.

"Striking my superior."

"Striking my superior."
"Who did you strike?"
"Him—the cock."
The two prisoners smiled, theu began to

laugh outright:

"Why, he's not your superior. Cooks have no rank. You ne all just cooks."

"And didn't he report me?"

"Mhy, no—he had nothing to report. If he had come up reporting one little lick, the officer would have told him to thicken his small mediation."

Sneth mediation.

Sneth meditated on this: "Well, I slowe have put my foot into it, haven't I?" "You have," replied 'fazowell, san-

Sueth fell into a deeper reverie than The mosquitoes and gnats shouted a churus in their frail dance in the air. Parakeets and cockatoos screamed raucously at the

trio, "Why didn't you run when you thought

you saw us after you?" asked Tazowell ufter while.

"They wasn't but two of you," nur-nured the giant.

"O, I see. And what are you going to do with us now you've captured us?"

"I don't know," mused sneth. "If I turned you loose, you'd bring a lot of the boys back and run me out o' here. And I'm sort of nequinited here now. I know where I can get puwpaws and mangoes, and now I've caught that pig. I don't know what to do with ye."

what to do with ye."

It was high uoon now. Steamy hest arose
in the jungle and set the officers perspiring
like a sweatbath. Tray busers chude
hither and thither with thin wails and were
drowned on their sweaty force. It reminded
Sneth of the cook's galley, except it was not
so close—and here he was free, If was almost as much at home as a gorilla would
have been. He had romend montains all
his life and a change of vegetation
and temperature did not bewilder him.

The two officers endeavored

The two officers endeavored ainly to rub their faces with their

vainly to rult their faces with their shoulders.
"Say, Sueth," broke in Tazo-well, after some half hour's silence, "we wish you'd make some deci-sion about us. Shoot us or let us go on. There's a big dimer on to-night, Lineolu's birthday. Boucher and I want to carry friends from town."
Sueth looked arou
"Lincoln's brithday?"

around sharply.

"Yes, big dinner. Schwartz is going to spread up something

"Lincohi's birthday," repeated
Pudding. "Lincolu's birthday!"
And he saw his mother telling him
to be a good boy. Lincoln, that And he saw his mother telling him to be a good boy. Lincoln, that good man, his great grandfather's friend. Lincoln, the man whom Pud knew once owned the Amer-ican newy, the legendary Lincol, of the Sneth family, and here he was, Theodore Roosevelt Sneth, deserting from Lincoln's wary on Lincoln's birthday. It had never come across him in that light be-fore. He felt a kind of miscrable fore. He felt a kind of miscrable melting inside of him. What would his mother say? Whit would his father, his grandfather, and what, indeed, would old man Solomon Sueth, the flathoatman, have said? Ah, what indeed? have said? Ah, what indeed? Pudding Sucth surely had got his

Fudding snoth surely had got his foot into it.

Pud's great shock head sauk iato his forearms that were propped up on his knees. He no longer even looked awkward. He night have been some power-fully carved heroic figure of remore, with its bronze rudely covered by a few irrelevant rags. Then the giant suddenly rose to his great height, as tall as Lincoln, and there was an expression on his face that neither of the two midshipmen understood. "Look here, hoys," Sneth said, addressing his superiors with the democracy of the mountains that admits no superior nor known no inferior, "I want to do right, and it should be a fellow can take a heave and a lift. I'm need to loadin' logs at house. I believe then piddlin' women's jobs is what made me leave the Minneston.

jobs is what inude me leave the Minne-sota. Anyway, I'm comin' back to take my medicine. I aint dono right au' I ought my medicine. I aint dono right au' I ought to git punished. But give me a man's job when you're through with me!" Tazewell stood upright, very straight. He might have offered « hand if they had been

ingite have offered a hand if they had been free.
"Sucth," he said, "if you mean that, you're on. Wo'll do our best between you and the old nun."
"That we will," put in Boucher; it'll come out all right, Sneth. We can make you stoker, or ammunition hendler. You didn't desert, Sneth; you simply called the addiratil" at station to the fact that he had put in huge peg in a very tiny hole."
Fifteen unitudes later, Put Saseth strode lithely down the mountain trail, with a hundred and fifty-pound porker lashed ta the ridio barrels swung lightly over his shudder. Around him the broad fronds of pelms clicked and instiled, but in the giant's ears sounded the gurgle of mountain ears sounded the gurgle of mountain streams, the whister of solemn pines, and the voice of his muther as she hade him good-by.

The Doctor's Hired Man



CHAPTER V IN WHICH AGNT CHLOE STEPS INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

PRIL with her coquetish smiles and PRID with her coqueits smiles and tears lad passed into sunny-tempered May. The orchard had lost its bloom, but likes of the valley were sweet, crocuses, duffoilis, and tulips were thrawing gay banners to the breeze, and the garden was showing green puths in the most day. its neat beds.

The hired man had made some mistakes picking out the young onions and letting the "pursley" stay. "Lemme put in the embhage and tomato stips," begged Liza June. "I'm 'Iraid he'll plant the old tin

June. "I'm 'fraid he'll plant the out the case there is and three wave the seedlings."

"You are too hard on Torn," dyfended Hornece. "Weeds, little onions, and haby cabbage plants look jirst alike when they're carming up. For all you planted the butter beaus yourself, they are climbing right off the greanth beaus and all."

Lizii Jane snorted her disgust at the criminal ignorance. "Anyway, I love to dig in the soil, grandmother. My hands would

in the soil, grandmother. My hunds would horrify ny mameurist at home, but I have no time to possls my nails," said Florence, "You are getting iron in your blood and color in your cheeks, which is far better than good-looking claws, and you are getting grumption in your head," answered grandgrunption in your head," answered grandgrunption in your head."

"Gumption is good horse sense, and you come honestly by it, on your father's side,"
replied the old lady. "There comes Aunt
Chice and that little toad of a Topsy."

Choc and that little toad of a Topsy."

Or grandma, I think Lily Bud, with her funny little kinky braids all over her head, and her rolling eyes, is the cuttest thing I rever saw. I hove to hear And Chloe's big words, so I'll let my watering can and hoe rest a wille." said Florence, who welcomed vach new variety of foks with delight. In spite of the plant dress, the city young lady managed to give Aunt Chloe an opportunity each week to bring home a basket of exquisitely laundered ferminne belongings.

"If she was my granddwighter I'd make her up some plain, modest, factory underwear, and not let unybody sweat over sich limsy, levy, nonsensical things," said Liza Jane.

thingy, lacy, nonsensical things," saud Liza-Jane.

"Auut Chloe knows how to turn her sweat into dollars," replied the Colonel's widow, "and she needs the money. I suppose the child is as used to that fine embroidered linen as a lily to its white leaves, and God ande blies as well as cabbage plants, Liza-Jane." This last remark made the spinster slava the door in her lady's face.

Aunt Chloe was one of the slave children brought across the Ohio on the underground railrand "hefore the war."

The stage effects of ice and bloodhounds were wanting, but the little company, es-caping on an obl raft, was nearly drawned. Later these Negroes almost starved while linking until they were sure of their friends, necording to the story the old lady delighted in repeating.

She was a fine specimen of the early kingan raise, though her straight form had

in repeating.

She was a fine specimen of the early
African race, though her straight form had
expanded into a cube. A large head always
enveloped in the traditional red handana enveloped in the traditional red bandsan revea above two strong arms, while her large flat feet served as propellers, but her happy smile and good-natured disposition made Aunt Chioe the favorite of the town. She stood in need of friends, as her third busband, a much-respected 'local preacher,' cared more for preaching than practicing, and on Aunt Chioe's shoulders fell the support of the family.

"Well, how's you ull dis mighty fine.

and on Audr Chiec's stouthers left the sup-port of the farmyly. If the singlety fine mornin?" said the colored haly, "'Clare to goodness, Miss Hannah, you's lookin' mighty port, better favored every time I seed you. If de Colond's hangin' ober de godden stains he's mighty pleased at your lookin' as fine as a roasted possum."
"Sit down, Aunt Chloe' ny granddaugh-ter will make us some lemonafor. I just heard Liza Janne come in with a hucket of cold water. How's Unele Pete?" was grandmother's greeting.
"He's fair to middlin', thankee, Miss Hannah, but he's fiferted oh de Lord by his gal Vielet. "ank goodness my own flesh

an' blood, I done bro't up from de start, is all married well and saved, too. You, Lly Bud, you all stop standin' on your head or I'll skin you neive," this to the little "Beah-and-blood" granithungher who was trying to get in the luncilight in front of the tayins. "His violet would go to indunapolis to work out, an' list excel done work to de park arter prayer medin' vid a gel friend. Day lead de little hot bedrooms falls think good nough fur what toley park good nough fur what toley call 'coonkeep', wa' degals got to hunghin' and talkin and was 'rested for fragrancy, and de masses done builed' on out on past de line nest day cassof coupany-your-in', an' expected sackness. I wish 'Valet thane jinch a church where dey don't backelide, but her pa turkus ky her puin't to be aururact's in', an' expected sekuess. I wish Viside dame incid a church where dey don't backalide, but her pat thinks by her guin' to de naurner's bench once more shell start up Zion's Hill for keeps. Lordy massy, where's de person de Lord don't have to prop on the leanin' side now an' then? Pete, he done come home with n wagon loud o' rhickens yesterday. You weedn't all laugh, Miss Florence, he done get 'en fur dispensain' wid de gospel at Pleasant Ruu. It's just a label on we all colored folks, de stealin' chickens an' watermellons,' and the old hady meked with her deep laughter. "I made Pete weed de tater patch to-day, though he said he felt no cull to the dirty gardeu, his sail went of either the deep laughter." I made Pete weed de tater patch to-day, though he said he felt no cull to the dirty gardeu, his sail went to de vineyard ob de Lord. I tahl him to git arter let tater buss as if dely be sincres to sandch from do pit. His preachin' is vory left'yii. White folks often come an' you bet your life, Peter li have some white stars called the star of the patch of the company of the patch of the patch of the can be an we houtin', but she houm, for she can beat my shoutin', but she house, later when a boot time ""
"And be put in juit?" added tite.

"Yes, missis, but dey nit fur in the star in the patch of the put in fur

"Yes, missis, but dey ain't put in fur good an all," laughingly answered the 'Pete's done

been to camp meetin' down south somewhar. Dere ain't no railrond dere au' de folks is too backwoodsy fur anything. He went up to one log cabin whore de old woman, sort of poor trash from Tennessee, sat smokin' a cob pipe. 'Be ye prepared to meed de jedgment,' sed Pete, soleun like. comin' 'Is it comin' only onet?' she asked indif-ferent like. 'Only onct, an' how will you meet it, aister?' 'I ain't 'lowin' to meet it if it comes this way only onet, 'she said. 'We haiu't get only one mule, an' de old man will takedatan'go soon's he hears it comin', leavin' me to hee corn.' Ain't I called to de washtub to

to de washtub to keep Petcouteddieatin' an' warnin' sianers?" rejsied the Coloned's widnw, looking suprovingly at the basket of snowy linen. "Huw is war siede! Did the medicine I gave you help?" "Yes, thanks, Miss Hannah, the misery in my side's juretty night clean gone, thought Pse larth if you ear't be happy unden in dis world. Look at Zip now arter a flea wid you all feedin' an' pettin' linn like he was a child. Never mud fleas, Zip. Everybody las 'en arter his kind, dey dues."
"Aunt Chloe tell ny zirawdehaughter ghout."

"Aunt Chloe tell my granddaughter about your hushand's wonderful cure," said grand-

• 'Dat was clar answer to prayer, bless de

Lord," replied the old lindy, relling her eyes hervesward. "You see Peti, he'd hind the fever, an' chew she to fit pewed like he couldn't spunk op in ag' beman agin. De missry in see began the griffin him, fetin' all the way the legan the griffin him, fetin' all the way the fermion of the fitting him, fetin' all the way the fermion her I cauthin't go out by the light to the in work, and we wan seer starrin', an' we was near starrin', an' we wan seer starrin', an' we wan seer starrin' and the period of the feting and the start of the feting the start of the fitting and the start of the feting the start of the fitting as metalin' that the start of t Lord," replied the old lady, rolling her eyes

mirth at the renconfirmace of the chees.

"Pete was night trefered out, when he enuthed de smake make de heel, but has been detected be smake make de heel, but ha wouldn't give in. He celled the vision at an invest out, an 'at on de log in de small rately seem de deoted drow up wit a high broket ob cooked wittles on' some tatters un' in ham from your grandhun. Pete says, says hee!

"It's de Lord's way ofn unswerni' our prayer, andews be us goal us review if they bring food, un' dry be enser for their prings." Anyway, Pete was soon able to put in de garden, an'! I was prest wil house-cleamin' on' quill'unsulin, 'an' de Lord als' in filled our harrel o' flom m' ome jug n' molusses. It pays to frist de Lord, Miss. It pays to trust de Lord, Miss

"That is, if you do your part as you al-wrys lave dune, Claine," promptly added the Colonel's widow. "Pete's afters quotin' do finels ub de air,

"Pete's inters quotin" inclinwis wo we mr, am' I be tink cure of de same vay. I gots up wid de light, same us dey does, un' picks for me an' my favudy all day, un' hight got nothin' for to store at might mar's dey Indi, I can sing same as dey dw, for it not de Lord

"There comes Aunt Chice and that little toad of a Topsy."

he done make," glancing approvingly at her

guarding approximate the first and a state of the first and a state of

fond glanives.

"It is puzzling about prayer," mused Plucraev, after Annt Chloe had waddled off, Lidy Bud dying around her tike in black humaninghird. "I've been so distressed at seeing that wild hely across the river in the garden day in and day out I couldn't brigh bling up a prayer for her occasionally. In Russia and Gernamy one sees wongen working with men, but in Indiana it is too much. You can tell by the droop of her sunhonnet.

she is old, and she was out in the driving

sha is old, and she was out in the driving rain vesterlay." "And old kledy to be to-enerow," remarked the grandhother, dryly. "That old hely that so exerted your sympethy is the scar-erow in led Smith's hug pen parch. I be-heve in energy, child, and feel sure the Lord could stop the san to answer prayer as he did exit, beloning, int it has the prayer for real things, and for seuroceoos. Most of our prayers are like Petr's begging for what he rould do for himself, or like yours, buttle-ering the Lord about things that are on score real than that rande woman. But, heavy, I'm glant you prayed even for a longly I'm glant you prayed even for a longly I'm glant you prayed even for a longly I'm glant you prayed even for a hundly of idd dathes, brought up as you've been with your prayers all a critten out u. n hook. Go see what's the matter with that hen. A storm is coming up very suddenly, I hope Aunt Clake and that bully will get

I hope Aont Clifes and that buly will get onlier every!

He was same time before the young girl returned. By that time denre were elamenting and the ram was shaping the win-thou pames. Earl after could be her and the pame and the old hely learned to the pame and the old hely learned to the pame and the old hely learned as a good of relief when her grand-thoughter came in with glowing checks and though our of the pame and the pame

a but gatheredth her chickeras." What did a but gatheredth her chickeras." What did "The's been to Statueses?"
"The's been to Statueses."
"The statueses the statues when the must have be readent through a book of fittle-chickens and the unduch been called through the statueses. The statueses and "Thew often would I have gathered ber chickens, but ye would and." It has count to me numy times when I've seen the lattle when the statueses and, "The words when I've seen the lattle when the statueses and statueses and statueses and statueses and the count to me numy times when I've seen the lattle when the statueses and the statues and the statues and the statueses and the statues and th

forget the chickus."

Bad granding ther told Florence to though of he little wraw she could have called give incuming an of forgetten it. As it was, the grd, hoursese for the fother and mother mer the sace, and the big andigent heather, felt a peace steal over her heart, as it something warm and hving was hevering over her as the mother heat had covered her as the mother heat and covered her as the mother heat and covered her as the mother heat had been also as the mother heat had been as the mother heat had been also been also been also been as the mother heat had been as the mother had bee

For the first time Florence had no fear. hat only a sense of excitation, as from her windows she watched the storm lattle above the hills and a flight of lightning envelope the log sycamore by the gate in a glevet of House

Bigelow On Lincoln

Bigelow On Lincoln
This Bot, John Bigelon, it my time aubaseador to Frince, it the ripe my of over
interly published his freeman. It was
consent to Frince mode the committee of
Specializing from a ripe, personal knowledge
of Mr. Lumodn, he stays of his charmeter;
"Limen's greatives must be sought for in
the constituents of his merid nature. He
was sa unalest by nature that he was perlevely constant to walk helitin any mon who
wished to walk before him. I do not know
that theory has surded a received in the
most of my currenpuming connected by my defended

The most of my currenpuming connected by my conmarket dainy currenpuming connected by my that Instory has under a recentla file attainment of any surrequading entirect by my start man, who as habitually, so constitutionally, this to others as be would have them do to him. The spiritual side of him andre was so highly organized that it rendered superthruss much of the experience which to other mus is milispared that it rendered superthruss much of the experience which to other mus is milispared that it rendered is president who would be a fine of the control of the cont

trust involvitly

trust improvers.

Some towering names in history are great
unly on the warlike or the intellectual side.
It is the houst of America that her two he-It is the loads of America that her two be-rows, Washington and Lincola, were notable for moral and spiritual greatness. Pa-trictions at its fuser must have faith in Cod, have of men, unselfish patience, as its noblect velocinets; it is a shullow and poor thing without those high essentials. Lincoln, without his harmfulty and his fulth, would have been Lincoln shorts of his power—the power of Goal with hom.

It was this deep heart of pity and love in Lincoln which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.—The Outlook.



HENRY H. MEYER, Editor EDWARD S. LEWIS, Associate

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

Editorial

It is the moral qualities that make real

It is the moral qualities that make real greatness after all.

Men may be durited with money or with a political office, and women may be fascinated with elothes or jevelry or social position; but in the long run these things fade away and only the things that relate to honor and duty remin.

There are men who have been greatly endowed, who yet failed to realize their own possibilities. A great many tea-talent men have failed to control their appetites and have beeone drunkards. Other men of first-rate natural endowments have shown weaknesses in character, and these have disgraced them. * * *

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was great in his tal-ents and great in his character, and his fame will never dio.

tame win never no.

There was a contemporary of bis who napired to be President. Failing in this, he was but tray disappointed. He was not man enough to control his feelings, and stooped so farms to hate Lincobs and even to call him contemptuous names. After being thus assisted no one would have banned the President of the United States very much if he had settled all plants. Lincobs and complete constitutions. had retorted sharply. Lincoln's essential greatness was manifest, however, in the un-ruffled serenity with which he received these provoking taunts. More than this, he ap-pointed the man who was thus trying to make himself his enemy to an exalted posi-

Lincoln said: "The man bas strong quali-ties and our country needs them. What he thinks of me personally is of no conse-

quence."
This man's political ambitions and his personal disappointments have passed away with him. They are best when forgotten, last Abraham Lineain's moral grandeur is a living force which throws its inspiring in fluence far and wide to-day.

\$ ° °

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S kindness was not weakness. Very far from it. It required a gant's self-control to hold him to his ideals of generosity. Lincoln's life is full of illustrations of forbearance and gentleness: it is full also of iastances of mandy strength.

toll also of tastauces of mady strength.

One day an army officer come to see President Lincoln. His shoulder straps showed him to be a colonel. He come to complain that he had been unjustly dismissed from the army. This colonel had a good record for gallantry. Lincoln knew him and knew that his discussion was been for the best of the control of the colonial transfer o that his dismissal was based upon the charge of being drunk on duty, which was fairly proved against him. Even the lines in the mao's face told their own story of long and

mao's face told their own story of long and unrestrained indelgence.

The President Estenced to the calonet's story patiently. He rose ny, and, as was his habit when deeply moved, he grasped the officer's hand in both his own. He said, "Colone, I know your story, but you carry your own condemnation in your face."

There were tears in his voice, and yet to the officer, who walked ont of Linceln's presence withant a word, he appeared like the stern indee he was.

stern indge he was stern judge he was.
Only once the President referred to this, saying, "I dare not restore this man to his rank and put him in charge of a thousand men while he puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains."

In stean away has oranns.

Deb.

Amraham Lincoln weve faltered in his duty. He could be the stern judge when stern duty required it, but he was quick to see merey's opportunity, and he was ever genial and fatherly with the sadder boys.

Long after the war an old soldier said at a Long after the war an old soldher said it a Grund Army camp fire: "I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington after the call for sev-enty-five thousand men. We were given leave to see the town. My comrade and I were just ahout to go into the door of a sa-loon when a hand was laid upon my arm; and looking up, there was President Linand looking up, there was President Lin-coln, from tils great height obove, a nore lod, regarding me with those kindly eyes and a pleasant smile. I almost dropped with surprise and bashfuluses. But he ledd out his hand, and as I took it he shook hands in strong Western fashion and said: I don't like to see our milform going into these places. That was all he said. He turned immodiately and walked away and we passed on. We would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth of Wash-ington city. Whenever I go near a saloon and in any way think of entering, his words and fine some back to me. That experiand in any way think of entering, his words and fine some back to ine. That experi-ence has been a means of salvation to my ble. To-duy I hate the saloon, and have hated it ever since I heard those words from thut great man."

His "Pit and Pendulum" BY EDNA A. FOSTER

TOHN FERRIS closed his book and went OHN FERRIS elosed has book and went out into the eveniog air. Under the window he paused to listen to the light step of the nurse in the room overhead, that room his wife slept with a little new life comforted in the bend of her arm.

life comforted in the bend of her arm.

He felt that his eup of happiness was filled to the brim; he rejoiced in his deep transfuness as he looked up at the stars and renewed the prayers of his endier and more troubled years. His head was head high and his step was confident and firm.

Other was the best have been factored by the first that the firs other and darker days seemed but the writ-ten annils of some other man. With hope-ful visions that were set far ahead and to be gained in the right way, he walked on until he came to the river that flowed through the

he came to the river that flowed through the city. Near by, on a high bank, there stood a house that had long been unoreupied. Now, every window glowed with light.

"The new mid agent is here," said Jolin Ferris, "Tanksy—what a black picture that name brings up! If he could only have bad—" At that noment a heavy figure earne into the light of a long window, and John Ferris gripped the iron ruil of the fence width the stood starting as if he had seen a' atost. His knees grow weak under him. ghost. His knees grow weak under him, but he whispered despairingly to the shad-

ows.
"It can't be be! That would be too crue!! But it is! I know the square set shoulders! He will recognize me! No, he cannot; God will not let it happen! That was the wrong of n poor weak and nnlearned boy! Surels
I have repented! I have left it behind—
have atoned! God will not let it happen! I have repented! Bave stoned: God will not let it happen!"
That and nuch more was breathed into the night as John Ferris stambled along in the darkness—beat with the knowledge that the one living man who knew the dark sorrow of his hophood had come to take up work in his dudy life, a man whom he would lawn to face day after day.

work in his double in an other to take the work in his daily his, a nan whom he would work in his daily his, a nan whom he would have the daily his and have the highest and have a said: "Why campot the life of a man be renewed as the ground is renewed each year? That life was no part of me. I was young, untaught; I have lived a straight and an upright life since then. I will not so may?"

In the long watches of the night he prayed and said that he would lerve the outcome to the uncrey of God. "I will live with the thought that God is walking beside me. My days aball not pass in cowardly anticipation. I will not qualify myself with a sneaking fear. I will steen a straight course, and if storm and warrekage come, at least I shall be found with the right port in sight."

Days came and went. The new agent

Days came and went. The new agent took up his work, and despite the strong determination to be brave, John Ferris felt his heart heavy when he was called into the

office of the company.

There was no shock of sudden recognition. The man he feared merely said: "On failures were friends. I belong to another generation, but we have both learned the 'rule of three' in the white schoolhouse near the milke of the collection." the milloond.

the onlipond."
In spirit Jobn Ferris was at the man's feet, but this specter of fear came again and again. He devoted himself to every good cause that came to his attention; be conferred and led the week; be was an example of matring effort toward the good of the towar, the church, and the work of the mills But he often fought with his nemesis. He said: "It is tike the "pit and the pendulum," and when "I least-expect it the walls will electe round me. "The pendulum is lowering upon me.; The man is hiding his time."
When premotion after remonstrain same

When promotion after promotion came from the hand that the expected would thrust him into outer darkness, he said:

"When I have elimbed high, the fall will be greater. He means to wait until I am at the top of the helder, then the walls will come uearer and ernsh me. The pendulum is settling upoin me." But still he worked and with a sacred yow well kept. He was un-clouded in his attitude toward others. He would wol te the poison of fear come into his home life. When dread was upon him he sought not wear one in distress some conhis bone life. When dread was upon him he sought out some one in distress, some one overtaken in a fanti, and to him he would give help. The little life that bad come into the home on that memorable night was now the "very pivot of the swinging sphere." He was a son to gladden the heart of any father. He had won honors in college, in law, and in social ble. Often John Ferris thought of the time when his young head would bow in shame at the disclosure of one

would bow in shame at the disclosure of one would bow in shamo at the disclosure of one black deed in his futher's life. "The blow will come to him," he thought, "and that will make my punishment the keemer. But he shall have nothing to remember in my life but eleanliness and order. I have walked with God. I shall be found doing so when the walls close me in and the pendu-lum has crushed me."

One day, the son came to tell of his new-

found happiness. He was preparing to build a bome of his own and the woman he had chosen was the daughter of the mill ageut

chosen was the daughter of the mill agent.
John Ferris bowed his head to the fa-tabity. "He will not telt his child give her life
into the keeping of my son. Now I must
pay the price," he said, "there is no getting
away from the consequences of the live
that we have made for ourselves."
Again he was mistaken. There was nothing in Mr. Lindsay's manner but great
cordiality, good fellowship, and a hearty
appreciation of the young man's worth.
The wedding preparations went on and
John Ferris felt the walls coming yery near.
Still, he elecinesed himself, step by ston, and

Still, he cleansed himself, step by step, and moment by moment from any thought of malice, of resentment and excuse.

malies, of resentment and excuse.

"On the day of the wedding," he said,
"then it will come. I am ready."
So be sought the man who held his happiness in the path of his band. "You alone know that dark cloud of my boyhood, you adone know the slandow on my life. If you are ever to disclose it, do so now before these young lives are united."
Mr. Lindsay could not feign the surprise that he showed, "If something impresed at that time in your life! I could not know it."
I lived in Europe. My bother knew-possibly—my twin brother, but lie has been dead twenty years. Do not tell me about

possibly—my twin brother, but lie has been dead tweaty years. Do not tell me about the trouble. I know you as you are. Your yesterday is uo part of yourself." And so, through the strength and the faith of the man, the walls of the pit were pushed away and they foll down. The light can be as the production ceased to swing and was still.

Facts About Lincoln Gleaned From Stories About Him

BY WALTER K. LUTNEY

BY WALTER N. IUTNEY

We have to del that Abraham Lincoln
was a wonderful man in that he
showed so many good sides to his
nature. He was almost too kindhearted, he was very cool in times of greatest danger; he had no use at all for any form
of punishment that bespoke creatly, and he
was universally liked, as we all know.
Lincoln was quite often accompanied by
Tbomas F. Prendle, a doorkeeper at the
Executive Mansion, on his walks. Prendle
always looked after the welfure of the
President, and a better gaurdian one could

aways looked litter the weither of the President, and a better guardian one could not ask. One day as they were walking home from the Navy Department, a man was seen skuliking in the shadows. Prendle, thinking that he meant to harm the Presitunking that he meant to harm the Presi-dent, tried to interpose his body between Lincoln and the man, but Lincoln strode forward and literally gazed down the man who intended to injure him. Absolutely feerless, he simply looked at him hard and steadily until the man mn away. After he reached the White House, Lincoln turned and said, "Prendle, I received a letter yes-terday warming me against a mm who an-swered the description of the man we just unt."

met."
It was Lincoln who ordered the discontinuance of the sweatbox in the may. The sweatbox is seed at that time was small iron room, almost air-tight, in which refractory sailors were placed when it was desired to make them speedily raure to terms. In this lox a man was placed and the steam was turned on so that he must suffer agonites af steam-heating or come to terms. Fairob n visited the ship Harford and saw the room, used for the sweat cure. He inquired about it and insisted on trying it limitself. At the end of three minutes he had had

enough and gave the word for himself to be violagin and gave the word for influent to be Secretary of the Navy to abolish the swent-boxes. Very shortly the countries of Eu-ropt, henring that American people con-sidered that form of punishment inhuman, fell into line and also abolished them; so since then there has not been a sweatbox

since then there has not been a sweathor in authorized use in the navy. Suppose the property Lincoln did not like to hear supbody brag about bis affairs, and usually lad an land a good story to make the conceited one sahaned of himself. One day, about three years before he became President, he was sitting in his office when he was colled upon by an old friend who liked to talk about his big crops. This day he spoke of his hy and what a wast quantity he had cut as to great a story that was too ricidious for any—a story that was too ricidious for any— —a story that was too ridictious for any-body to believe. After he had finished, Linsaid:

body to believe. After he had finished, Lincoln said;

"Well, well, I have been cutting hay, too, and got a fine erep."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the neighbor. "How much did you put in?"

"Well," said Lincoln, with a smile, "I cannot say just how muny tons, but I had the men stack all they could out of doors and then stored all the rest in the barn."

Lincoln had his own way of stopping speakers who were getting too tiresome. Once a delegation went to offer the services of a distant fire company. At that time there had been ineendiary fires in Washington, and many of the Northern towns and cities had offered to send aid so that the Capital would not be in dauger of a general confingation. This particular delegation had as the spekesman a very cheep but had as the spekesman a very cheep but had as the spekesman a very cheep but seemed as if be would never adop. Lincoln waved him saids with the remark:

"But, my door sir, it is a mistake to suppose The transfer of the first department of Washington I am merely President of the United States." That squelched the erstwhile orator, much to the relief of the others

present.
Lincoln was one who never liked to hear violent expressions, either of slang or produity, and in support of his views he said that it was his mother who asked him to give up "by jings" bocause she considered that anything with a "by" hefore it was swearing. So great was his respect for his mother's feelings and memory that be avoided anything that was even slightly connected with swearing, and would gently reprove othors for using it.

We are told that the Emancipation Proclamation is the best-known foreign document among the common people of Lauesshire, England. A good story is also told of an inspector's visit to Lauesshire abooks. He saked who was the greatest person outside of England, and the chorus came, "Abraham Liscolf is in Manchester, Lightly and the same of the same of the country of the country of the same of the same of the country of the same of the same of the same of the country of the same of the sam Lincoln was one who never liked to hear

There is a holiday observed in Laucashire every year just-because of this bale. As soon as that very bale had landed in Liverpool in 1865, Lancashire men walked from Laucashire to Liverpool, secured a wagon, decorated it with flags and flowers, and placed upon it the bale of cotton together with a picture of Liucola. They dragged the wagon on parade through the streets until they came to Saint George's Square. Then the Bishop of Manehester mounted the wagon, and using the bale as an altar, preached a serimon to fully twenty thousand people on the lessons of liberty. There is a holiday observed in Lancashire

Lincoln's Faith

Lincoln's religious faith did not come to him by reasoning, but in the stress and strain of life. He laid hold upon certain great truths with the grip of a hungering and thirsting nature. It is in this way, I and thirsting nature. It is in this way, I believe, that the strengest fath is attained. With his whole nature stretched to its highest tension, no man can avoid convection. So long as he nerely rests, remains inactive, passive, he may get along without faith; but when his soul is awakened and his feeling is aroused, believe he must.—Popular Scice Monthly.

Dre when we may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistic and planted a flower whru I thought a flower would thought a flower would grow.-

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine heautiful, too." He replied, "I had a friend."—William C.

There is a subtrinics in the upper regions that human activity seems madde to dissipate. The silvace of the loughits fills the vars like votting it swallows up the voices of communion, it rephyres all animal

voices of companions, at reclures all animal life to puntaniums. Chapmanks searry over the rucks like shanlows. There is al-ways a cold usual, intit gains no hold for roverberation. Binds careen in the gale not triently feet alrew your lead, but their ti-tion creaking, samuls for news. Parple brother peaks thrust up mainted lends into a stillness of sunshine, and for to the East fic-the phase as level, as braillantly blue, and as motionless as the Dend New.

motinalies as the Dend Sun.
A currious progression of spring followed us up the peak. Near the battom I had abserved some stripped resplactly landson, Beyond Helbstata, a pass at the Itali Way Hutsen furned by a huge backler, the size of a skyeraper and the manutainside, we found rise berries graving a houst the track. We rould have gathered all we mished to eat, but by this time we's rever too treat to stroop and pick them. A thousand feet are so higher, we rendered geen feath and bbasms. We also found some timy ripe strawberries, about the size of a la htquir's beat, and of a flavor sa delicate und thin as

And there were wild fluwers everywhere, And there were will flawers everywhere, primresse, purph risws, Indian paint-brishes, lurchells, unrigodds, caulyfuff. I run through this cathique so I run ap-peach to not too shrupt a ray the Mpine vislets which we found on the peak luried in the sanw. They are tray like flowers, a

in this sumw. They are tmy thite flowers, a whole clather grower about a single stem, and loak roare like forgot-in-ends thin our artifliary wond viables. They are by far the most fragmant blossoms I have ever enjayed. And their allor is as lesting us of prepared in undergries. I wrapped a bands in my bundlerchief, and for twa are three days thereofter the what sughed as of it had been dipped in perfame.

From Bulf Way Horse to the tree lime the exolution of the mountains is most, for form

evaluate why flower at the free fine to contour of the mountain is upon, free fro precipitions chiffs, and vives in and out huge spars and depressions (East Te-messerains would call them "caves")

the mountain nir.

PHYSICIAN in Colorado Springs as-PHYMCIAN in Colorado Springs assured Craudall and ne with a vagacy anused and that he did an extensive practice during the sunsure months examining the hearts of tourists to see whether or not they were able to endure the ascent ap Pike's Penk. He imparted this information as he listened to my own heart action under a striboscopie. Then he resumed his professional manner. "Pik as a fiddle," he declared heartily, taking the rubber pad off my chest. "You can go right up."

A few moments here my purtner and I

can go right up."

A few moments later my purtner and I were both pronounced "fit as fiddles" for the expedition. I don't approve that figure myself. I have never observed my peculiar fitness in violins for mountain climbing. It amy rate we found much confort in walking any rate we round much comfort in waising out of the office with hearts officially tested and approved. A few minutes later we took a car from Colorado Springs to Manitou, a village at the foot of the mountains where

the climb really brgins.

During every whine of the trolley, Pike's Peak stood out above the ragged sky line of the Rockies, filling our eyes with its size and color. Since then I have observed the peak under many weather conditions bazy days it is a remote, cloudlike blue, re-



heen up twice, once on the car, once on foot tiecu up twice, once on the car, once on foot. I asked him seriously, as man to man, whether he thought from the color in my checks and the sparkle of my eyes, would I be able to make it? He said he believed so if I would only walk show, take my time, and if I had no weaknesses. I felt grateful for this eucorargement and decided to try it.

Perhaps out of a hundred tourists, ninety-five look their physical machinery squarely in the face for the first time in their lives nt the foot of Pike's Feak. Only a fe the mile-high inquisitor undisturbed.



The Pike's Peak burro is the best investment to be found in the wost

embling the landfall of some tropical island. seabling the fandual of some tropical island. In muggy weather it ranges from steel-gray to almost black. But on clear sparking mornings it shines out in warm brown thats, with the pile and twill of velvet. Indeed, it scened as if one might stretch an arm through the cleven miles of thin air and stripk the rich fur and make friends with this old monarch clad in seal and snow ex-

One of the most beautiful, also one of the One of the most beautiful, also one of the motivoranescalt, dainyase i obtained was when the peak drose, eat off from the basal wountains by the strata of white cloud. This left it a snow-spangled dome floating detached against a vivid blue sky. I had seen such effects suggested in Jupanese nquarelles, but I had never before quite believed them.

As one are smaller, Martin, at

As our car ran into Maniton, the f As ow car him the Mannion, the local hills, Cameron's Cone, Mount Maniton, Old Baldy, rose up in the foreground and excluded the peak from view, and this, by the way, was the last glimpse we caught of the peak until we were within one or two

the peak until we were within one or two miles of the summit.

Crandall was comfortably sure that he could walk right up. He began telling me how he had done twenty miles on Mount Platus in five hours, but that turned out to be a motor road that goes around Platus out of Switzenland into Italy. I was still trying to show him the difference, when, fifteen minutes later, we reached the station house of the cog road.

We found the wmiting-room fall of tourists anxiously discussing whether they should walk up or wait for the cog troit.

There were no strangers in that erowd. A fat add lady in velveteen canner right up to

fat old lady in velveteen came right up to Crawdall, offered him some of her popcorn, and asked him anxiously what he thought of her heart

of her heart.

There was a brisk sale on lemons and uranges at the lunch stand, as these are supposed to ward off mountain sixteness. The prospective climbers were clad in everything from blask to summer flaunels and astrakhan overcoats. Experienced climbers regaled novices with the most extraordinary totles. They assured us the attitude would tales. They assured us the intitude would cause bleeding of the cars and nose, smoth-ering, headache, shortness of breath, ver-tigo, heart failure, hemorrhage of the lungs, death. That was as bad as they got, sleath. It came as a sort of relief that noth-

longs, death. That was as bad as they got, death. It came as a sort of relic! that nothing warse could be fail us.

Apprehension at the foot of the peak is contagious. Everybody speedlated with a kind of joyful abdiousness as to their lungs, legs, hearts. It seemed funny at first, but after a bit I began to think about any lungs and heart. It seemed to me, now that I recalled it, that the doctor's examination had been perfunctory. I tried countrion had been perfunctory. that I recalled it, that the doctor's examina-tion had been perfunctory. I tried count-ing my own pulse, and thought I observed a slight irrequivity in my systole or dia-stole. I've nover been able to tell oue from the other. Fresently I found myself talk-ing carnestly to a middly-aged wan who had

About the time the bunch of us had plucked ap courage to start, in under the trainshed rumbled a locomotive that pointful its boiler skyward like a forty-two centi-meter gun. A student of heraldry might

meter gun. A student of heraldry might have called the thing a locomotive respond. It came at the psychological moment. All the half-hearted climbed into the cars, which also kicked up behind in a weak imi-tation of the engine. There was a great tooting, clunging of the bell, and about three fourths of the crowd stemmed away on

the dinky.

A few minutes later n string of burres A few minutes later n string of burroscame moseying up the truil by the station. They were almost covered by big saddless einched ou with two girtls and with ligy yellow slickers tied behind the saddles. It seemed impossible that one of these things could carry a naw up the peak, but heir big-hatted drivers were evrain, and presently off went another detachment of our walkers schniring the roundation and the seemety between the ears of their mounts. A Pike's Peak hurro, I believe, is the best investment to be found in the West. He can be purchased for five dollars. His daily hire for a trip of the peak is three dollars, or sixty per cent of his value. During the four tourist months he declares a neat dividing of 7,200% or 21,600% per animo on his original investment. Yet, not vithstanding his great carriang power, the hurro is not proud. Like Hockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and many other truly great financiese, there

and many other truly great financiers, there is not a modester, more unostentatious soul living. He dines on the simplest final, he living. He dines on the sumpless trans, and in his port there is no hint that hy is a walking Cramball and I and the rest of the growd

The elevation of Pike's Peak above the sea level is 11,109 feet. Its natural the above Muniton is 7,509 feet, or about a mile and a half straight up in the air. The car grand lumling to this height is about mine miles long, giving an average grade of sixteen per cent. Now sixtern per cent is not see steep is an ordinary stairway, but him miles of it forms a rather milli business for the best walker. The trouble with beginners is, they wills two fast. Every one warns the novive not to walk fast. But there is temptation on every side to speed bu. The track on the side of the eag road is of smooth heaten saud not invives to brick guit. Craga of grante hung down toward you out of the sky, and are cowiered ever with firs and Non sixtoyn per cout is not of graute lang down lowari you out of the sky, and are convered over with first and spruce and wild flowers that fill the thin air with a subtle changing perfuture. A brook from the inetting snows on the monatoin cones rusting flown among the bowhirst, and leaping over waterfalls, fills the air with music. All this combines to take your mind off your business of going slow, and first thing you know, you are hiking along at a great rate, whistling, singing, kinking of the cinders along the path, and talking to your fellow climbers.

fellow elimbers.

In fact, it rans so joyful that Crandull and I wondered at all this talk of liverts and lungs and endurance. True volongly, we say now and then blue-faced human glasts creeping down the track who inquired in a dry-dipped whisper haw far it was to Manitou, but we were not warred. In fact, chawking Pike's peak is carriously like a parallel of life itself, and whoever heard. a paradide of life itself, and whoever heard, and whoever heard, in a paradide, of gay, squambring youth taking advice from the thin shaking finger of age?

The read up the

The road up the mountain fulls uat-urally into three stages; the first to the Half Way House, which is one fourth the distance to the peak; the second to the tree level, and the third to the summit.

third to the summe.

Along this route there are several lumb stands, three hotels, one newspaper uffice, and a United States swather observatory. The trail itself is traversed by pedvatrinas, trains, and barra parties. There is perluips The trult used is traversed by pedvstrains, and burn parties. There is perhaps searcely an hour, night or day, during the summer when its path is not sprinkled with travelers, and yet the walk up Pike's Peak is a leavely junroy.



The summit

It may be difficult to let a monomatam-was resulter sharply with the cummons size of these square and coves. They look like the rolling plains tapped in an edge. When I studd wa one turn of a squar and rotabled the train round thu west trave, it was re-soluted to the size of a tay. A burn train was a string of anta, a man was perceptible an a speek to sharp eyes. These open windy coves, from one to two miles seroes, formed the most discouraging part of our hike. We saw so much it looked boytless. Apparently Grandell and I were unable to gain a fact of ground on the op-mules to gain a fact of ground on the op-It may be difficult to but a nummantum

lopuless. Apparently Crandell and I were untable to gain a fast of ground on the op-nosite bend. A hold hour's walk burely started us up the long vreseuat swing of the og road. Hope of renching the top died right nlong here and we turned into buneral nourners, with breath that was too short for a wall. Our legs developed a kind of leaden personality of their way, and they declined to be hurried. We faund when we stopped to rast it was unwes to sid down, as they legs refused to get up vigain, so every thirty or forty yards we stupped, stood still, swaying slightly because our balance was uncertuin.

uncertum.

And always, there was the great shoulder at the mountain curving up into the sky, and we knew that we were toiling microscopically around one wrinkle in his sleeve.

sequently around one wrinkle in his sleeve. In the rishble of one of these coves, just lights the tree hine, we saw a little oue-story shark, and I think even our legs took notice and mady a littly hetter speed. We reached the open dare, dropped unterlyes across the threshold, half in and half out, as gracefully so two used bugs. A blessed fragrance vame to my wostrils. It was nother flowers nor my mostrils.



urple brother peaks thrust up mailed heads

caffee nor tea, nor ham and eggs. It was printer's ink. I was in a newspaper office. I was at home. I could show my eard, lie down on a pde of papers, and rest a week if

The editor and publisher of Pike's Peak The editor and publisher of Pike's Peak News, a lean, hrown-faced main, set on a stool before a case and never turned a head nor a hair at our collapse. No doubt sight-seers wreck on his doorstep at the rate of forty or fifty a day. He went on setting type and asked us out of the back of his

type and assed us out of the back of his head would be like to register.

We made signs to each other that we would. The editor fathoned these signs telepathically and told us it would cost us ten cents each. We made other dubious

The Pike's Peak News is one paper that as no reporters, no subscribers, no edi-orials, no articles, no news. It is ex-lusively personal. It prints the names of torals, no articles, no news. It is ex-clusively personal. It prints the names of the tourists who elimb the peak either on foot, by burro, or by train. The tourist is charged ten ceuts for the insertion of his name, and he receives a copy of the paper with his name in it by way of return. Or it will be mailed to his home address with it will be mained to ins nome address with the name properly underscored. Situat just beneath the tree line, it is the high newspaper in the world—teu cents t Situated

As we lay draped on the doorsill, I became interested in a dull rumbling noise, a sort of "double shuffle" such as the roustssort of "double shuffle" such as the rousia-bouts execute on Missassipp River steamers when under way. I pulled myself up and listened. Then I found the commotion tak-ing place in my chest. I was renlly slarmed. "Crandall," said I, "do you hear that?" "Hear what?" he panied.

"My heart."
"That's my heart you hear," gasped my

No, it isn't," I demurred, "my heart is

"No, it isn't," I demurred, "my heart is beating all over me from whead to ny feet. It's going like a dynamo. That doe-tor fooled us, Grau, we're in bad. Then Grandall asked the editor if we died on his step wouldn't he let our names go in inder "News" without a fee. I was forced to sidmire his business acumen. The editor told us there was not the least danger, that everybody's heart acted the same way at that level. He then brought his ledger and

that eyed. He indugate in segaration tools our names.

He fold up that we would preserve that, paper for years to come as a delightful record of our trip. He said we cauld never spend force the said by what would apply to our loved ones those and they would be our loved ones the said to the world by the preserve it as a souvenir, over which they would while away many happy hours. He then reached in my pocket, got out a quarter and restored the change. Ho did Crandall the same way. He seemed a very honorable

As to our hearts, mine was one hundred As to our hearts, mme was one hundred and thirty, twice normal, and Crandall's made one hundred and thirty-five. This was no sign of eardiac weakness. All hearts double their rate from the tree line up. Some run as high as two hundred on the peak. Many persons are unable to sleep at Sum-mit Heter. The hold of an the peak swing to mit House, the hotel on the peak, owing to the heavy beating of their hearts. So the excitement about heorts which we found at the foot of the cog road was not without ground.

Since we were not going to die, Crandall and I thought we might as well get up and

and I intogrit we magnt as wenget up and mosey on, which we did.

The tree line on Pike's Peak is as sharply defined as a streak of green paint on a brown boarding. Firs and spruce march up from the valley to the eleven-thousand, five-hundred foot line and chop off as sheerly as well. There there is no the product of the prous a wall. They toe up exactly, and not a

us a wall. They toe up exactly, saping oversteps.
Beyond the tree line the bleakest and codest stretch of huge bowlders reach on up into the clouds. It reminded me of the biblical term "abomination" and "descibilities" in the clouds. It guides and trainmen that the contract of the clouds of the lation." Iudeed, the guides and trainmen give these superlevel coves such descriptive names as the Abyss of Desolution, the Bot-tomless Pit. It is these bleak bowlders, some as huge as houses, that give a distant view of Pike's Feak its warry view of Pike's Feak its warry ragged expanses. The wind was latterly cold.

Everybady we saw, on hurro, foot, or car, was blue and shivering. At this height tho burro riders had pulled on their slickers and burro riders had pulled on their slieders and were shapeless yellow bundles stitching on dimunitive mounts. Craudall and I but-toued our summer ceads about our throats and moved on with chattering teeth. The high altitude made our mouths as thry as bones. There was no water, so we are snow-balls. We held them in our drinking cups

to keep from numbing our lands.

Clouds that had been hovering over the peak all day now began to hail and snow un us. It was old to see storm clouds drift

straight toward us like dun curtains and pepper us with sleet. Our situation reminded us that two years

ago this August two climbers were car in a snowstorm on this Windy Point frozen to death.

in a snowstorm on this Windy Point and frozen to death.

In this luge rocky wilderness we saw two mountain rats slither up on a big bowlder, leer at us, then squirm out of sight. The name "mountain rat" may not sound formidable to the uninitiated, but the things are not rats. They are about the size of opossums, they look uglier than a wart hog and meaner than a tarntulia. They don't trot along in an ordinary animalike way. They slither, slip, crawl, squirm, slide. They were born for the gallows and convict themselves at first sight an circumstantial evidence. Their appearance makes out the case and their actions sign the death warrant. I saw two on my walk and I don't care if I nover see another. The reason I mention them is because some mountain rats attacked a little clidd on the peak and killed it. It is buried up there and its headstone relates the unemny fate.

peak and killed it. It is buried up there and its headstone relates its uneamy fate. While ou disagreeable subjects, I will mention that it is a penitentiary offense to start a stone rplling down Pike's Peak. This scenus a trivial act, but if the reader will think of the infinite number of bowlders are the started to th ranging from the size of one's thumb to the size of one's home, precariously balunced on the mountainside, just ready to plunge miles below, he will understand the reason

the law.

During the last balf mile Crandall and I During the instability to bill mile Chalqual and at were so exhausted that we could only walk ton or twelve paces and then would be forced to stand and rest for two or three minutes. Our progress was ameloid. We stuck to one side of the ruifrond now because we did not feel able to lift our feet

suck to one sade or the furroat now because we did not feel able to lift our feet over the four-inch togs.

Our lips were blue, faces bloodless. I Our lips were blue, faces bloodless. I Our lips were blue, for the lips of the lips of

A Contemporary Opinion

A Contemporary Opinion

A LETTER was written by the lafe Edwin L. Goddin to the Daily News, of London, on March 7, 1855. This was just after Lincol had pronounced his second inaugural, and of that address Mr. Goddin remarked:

"The President has delivered what is, I suppose, the shortest inaugural address on record, probably for the best of all reasons—that he had very little to say. He has no new policy to trace out, nothing to explain that has not been already explained half a dozen times. ... What he said last Saturday was little more than a formal acknowledgment of the honor which has just been conferred on him, but though formal, was hearty, and what is perhaps better still, and certainly rarer, it was in excellent tasto. His English is about as good as Lord Mainesbury's, but he hardly ever says a feelhe thing, and except when he undertakes to disease smeetions of notifical excense. Malmesbury's, but he hardly ever says a feelile thing, and except when he undertakes

feehle thing, and except when he undertakes to disease questions of political economy, which are far out of his depth, he is unvariably shrewd, if not wise.

Such was the mildly appreciative acrosswhit patronizing description by an intelligent Englishman of the address destined to be immortal, in which Abraham Lincoln

said:
"Neither party expected for the war the "Nesture party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the candict might cease with, or even before, the candict fixelf should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astoundaries.

ing.

"Both read the same Bible, and pray to
the same God; and each invokes bis aid
against the other. It may seem strange that
any men should dare to ask a just God's asany nen should dure to ask a just God's as-sistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other near's faces; but let us judge nat, that we be not judges. The prayers of both could not be answered. That, of neither has been answered fully, "The Almighty has his own purposs." Wee unto the world begues of offensed for it must needs he that offense seems but wee to that man by whom the offense com-elat.

"If we shall suppose that American slav-"If we shall suppose that American slav-cry is one of those affences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his ap-pointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this

pometei time, he now whils to remove, that that he gives to both North and South the terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discentile war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discentherein any departure from those divine attributes while the believers in a biving God always ascribe to him? "Flondly do we loope, fervently do we pray, that this nightly secourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that the continue until all the wealth piled by the handman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequired toil shall he sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as wes said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and rightcus altogether with harity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to flish the work we are in; to bind up the

finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and elerish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Mr. Godkin found that Lincoln, with the burden of the great war on him and the shadow of death crossing his pathway not shadow of deaft crossing his pathway not for ahead, had very little to eay, but said that very little in "excellent taste," and in English "about as good as Lord Mailmes-bury's;" and he approved the address on the whole, even though it sauthor's intellect seemed to him inadequate for the profundi-ties of political examps.

His Training in Oratory BY WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE

BY WILLIAM RITENHOUSE

ARAHAM LINCOLN'S speech at Gettysburg is one of the marvels and models of true eloquence. How did a man, born outside of the educated classes, thus surpass all the trained orators of his day? An interesting answer will be found in his quoted remarks to an acquaintance who once asked him, after having heard him arque in a law case with wonderful clearness and simplicity, where he was educated. Lincoln replied:

"I never wout to school more than eix months in my life. But I can say this, that among my carliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anyone talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life, but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since.

"I can renember going to my little bed-one after the exercise have included."

"I can remember going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors' talk in the evening with my father; and spending the evening with my father; and spending no small part of the night washling up and down and trying to make out what was tho meaning of some of their (to me) dark say-ings. I cauld not sleep, though I tred to. When I went on such n hunt for an idea, and until I had it, or thought I had it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and the part of the transparent of the comparison. I have been all to grant the part of the comparison of the comparison.

"This was a kind of passion with me. It has stuck by me, for I am never easy now

"This was a kind of passion with me. It has stuck by me, for I am never easy now when I am handling a case until I have bounded it north, and hounded it south, and bounded it cast, and bounded it west." What college culcation in rhetoric could

What college education in rhetoric could match such passionate, painstaking home study? Any young man desirous to think clearly and speak well can train himself in the same way. It is a hard and concentrated way, but it brings results. Lin-coln won almost every jury trial in which he took part, because the jury always understood every point of his argument, while other talkers confused them. He left no "dayk sayings" in the testimony, but explained everything lucidly and cannectedity. plained everything lucidly and cannotedly; and while be was doing all this in his clients; behalf, he was developing for himself, day by day, that power of stating truth in the by day, that power or stating trees in the fewest and most striking words which made him the greatest speaker in America—the only speaker adequate to the national crisis when it came.

Another point in Lincoln's training was

Another point in Liancoln's training was his engerness to learn from une and books whatever they could teach blim. He open told a friend that he had 'rend every book he had ever leard of in his county for a circuit of fifty miles.' He attended every trial in the neighborhood, and frequently walked to Booneville—fiftee miles—to attend court and hear the speceles. Out of each book and each case he took what was good, and made it his own. No outside education could match such a deep, thereough culture of thought and speech. Linguist country is the country of the country of

coin mastered language through and through; and it was out of his own experi-ence, after twenty years' success at the bar, that he gave to a young man who wanted to become a lawyer, this advice: "Get books, and reed and study them earefully. Work, work, work, work—that is the main thing?" Lincoln's method is within the reach of any ambifus box. A college education is

Intended in the trace of any authorities have a substitute that any authorities have a college education is valuable; but it is not indespensable, as this study of our great President's training shows. All things are possible to the determined, the passionate worker, wherever he starts, and whatever the obstacles in his way.—Rechange.

Lincoln As An Artist

E know that both in youth and in age Lincoln was a great reader of Shakespeare. Probable the IE know that both in youth and in age Lincolu was a great reader of Shakespeare. Probably that wide and ardent spirt, dreaming at large upon the full possibilities of life, dreamed at times of doing something of the work that Shakespeare did, of reflecting the manifold humanaty of America in imperishable verse. If so, the dreams were lightly discarded, and Lincoln as a writer contented hinself with putting the weighty needs of every day into language of firm texture, and when he willed, of light immortal eloquenes.

when he willed, of high immortal eloquence.

But Lincoln had a kinship with Shakespeare, the supreme artist, in far deeper speare, the supreme artist, in far deeper ways than in the mere mastery of words. He saw life on the high plane of eternity, as Shakespeare saw it and as every true artist

scesit.
From this poetical temperament came Lincoh,'s melancholy. He accepted the hard facts of lies as calmly as any man, and fought meanness and gmed and sly cunning and open baseness, as if victory over them were all he cared for. Yet at the same time, with the poet's senso of things beyond, he saw not only the pettiness of defeat, but the pettiness of present victory compared with the years before and the years after, and the vast uncertainty of the destinies of men. Who has known this melaneholy and expressed it better than Shakespeare'

pressed it better than Slakespeare?
From his postical temperament, again, came Liuedhi's humor, so closely akin to Slakespeare's. It is world removed from the noisy elatter of trivial laughter. Lineala was not laughter, sand we are sure, that Slakespeare was not. Juse as the sense of the groping mystery of things breeds sadness in its pathetic aspect, so the contrast between the luge eagerness of men and their pitful accomplishment breeds a sinde, not of mockery or soon, but of the tenderest pity and kindiness. We know how storm and sunshine mingled in the heart of Slakespeare. Not one degree less did they mingle in the heart of Lincoln.
Finally, Shakespeare's supreme greatness

in the heart of Lincoln.

Finally, Shakespeare's supreme greatness
as an artist was in his comprehension—by
loving sympathy—of the hearts of men, of
all men. Was not that Luncoln's greatness,
too? Shakespeare used his gift to create
men and women who can never die. Lincoln week his to block his a great measter an men and women who can never die. Lin-caln used bis to play like a great master on instruments so different as Seward and Chase and Slanton, as McCellan and Hnoker and Sberman and Grant, and by his genius reunited a nation that as long as it lives will remember him. The chief fruitfulness of this point of view is that it brings out clearly tho dis-tinction between Lincoln and even the greatest of his contemporaries, say Seward and Grant in the North, and Lee and Davis

greatest of me contemporaries, say is more and Grant in the North, and Lee and Davis in the South. They were all practical men, men absorbed in the immense affairs in men absorhed in the immense affairs in which they were engaged. They did not look ahove or beyond them. Linech did. He had not only a profound intelligence; he tad u splendid imagination. He was not only a great statesman; he was a great artist.—Selected.

A Singer of Bird Songs

A young woman has appeared who spent much of her childhood playing in the woods, much of her childhood playing in the woods, and who there learned to call the birds. David Behaseo heard of her, and in a play which he was ahout to produce he wanted a nightingale to sing its plaintive song. It, was found that she could do it perfectly. A physician who has studied her throat says it is suffered to the scale amount in a bird. is similar to the vocal apparatus in birds. She was asked to sing for President Wilson, and did so, to his delight.

"Do you think the frequent political ex-citement is desirable?" asked the conserv-

"Undoubtedly. We need something oc "Undoubtedly. We need something oc-casionally to remind our haseball players that they are not the only great people on earth."—Washington Star.

Miss Mary Van Kleerk tells of "tho fur-

Miss Mary Van Klevek tells of "tuo fas-tories producing vessettially the same class of hardware goods. In one the accident rate among comen use sighteen per one hundred workers, while in the other, eith its more careful covering of rowlying bette and its safety attachments on stamping gresses, the corresponding rate to two only 1.4 per cent." Many complexes are forming that it mays to just the safety.

por cent." Many couphwess are learning that it pays to treat their morkers well, while some do it from pure justice and humer. They do not more sarrly "take it out of the wages," as garls are quick to thick, for the girls do rough better work under good combitions to pay the differ-

If to three absolute needs the factory adds

OST girls expect to work from the time they leave school "until they marry." Do they like their work? They are fortunate if they do. Are the wages good? Perhaps not, but one Are the wages good? Perhaps not, but one can afford to pinch for a few years, thinks many a girl; one can study label at night making dresses, go eithout lauch to pay for an evening's ledeaure, und share the contents of the thin pay envelope cith mother and the chuldren. Pretty soon prince charming will come along, lisquised as a unachinist or a unally young clerk, and take her out of all this.

There is no use saving to the charm of the contents of the cont

her out of all this.

There is no use saying to the girl who works, "But perhaps you mon't marry," for women are like soldiers going into battle: no soldier, they say, thinks he rill he the one to be killed, and no girl really expects that sho will be the one to remain an "old maid." As the majority don't, sile lias chance on her side. Certainly it is in married life that a women realizes her highest dreams of happiness and neefulness, and any girl should be proud of the fact that she is deliberately training herself to be a successful ride and mother.

But suppose she does unarry—one, tiro, But suppose she does unarry—one, tiro,

successful rule and mother.

But suppose site does marry—one, tiro, three, six years after she goes to work. Then, of course, her bushand will support her. But there is Mrs. Blank, whose his-band died last week of tubereulosis; and Mrs. Smith, whose man reas hard in an address Smith, whose man was hard in an exident she has three small shillers as facilitative the street small shillers as facilitative to the small shillers are facilitative to the same street small shill be sufficient to the small shill eident; she has three small children to feed, besides paying the doctor's bills; and Mrs. Upgo has gone back to work, not because of only accident, but just because she wants her children mell educated. Almost any one of us could name at least two or three of our acquaintance inho "got out of" the working world, only to get into it again at some inter time in their lives.

And there is the larger problem present-



ing artificial flowers or fine lnce? Do you like to keep things in order, to fit ifreeses, to make buttouholes, to be near machinery? Do you get along well with people, so that you think you could work up into a foreworm's position in time? The grid who is looking for work in may factory ought to ask herself these questions. Better still, ask herself these questions were the strength of the properties of the vacation in the factory, if possible, and keeping her their work, spending purts of her vacation in the factory, if possible, and keeping her eyes open to every suggestion. Many cities have placement hureaus, sometimes at the Young Women's Christian Association huildings, which help the grid to find her hest opportunity. A first-chase employer sees to it that his workers have the think lest suitled to their shifties. He knows that it will pay. But if the employer does not look out for it, the grid should. She may he choesing her task for a lifetime. ing artificial flowers or fine luce? Do you

IS IT SUITED TO YOUR DEAUTH? Working all day, at top speed, on our



ouriery of Rassell Sage Foundainm. Photo by Hine Wire stitching done in a bright, well-ventilated room.

ing itself to the girls of the present generation of whether a woman, to be a good wife and mother, should not know just as much about the problems of the world as possible. about the problems of the world as possible. Supposing she is going to marry at the end of her nugse-carning years, and never need to earn another penny in her life. Will also not be better fitted for this higher service if during her nugse-carning years she has done worth-while cougenial work in healthful surroundings? Would it pay to wear herself out by working over hours in a dark, ill-ventilated room? One year is long enough for a girl to contract tuberculosis in a factory that is swept while the girls are at work, tossing in the air for all to breathe germs that have been herded in dark, dirty corners. One month is long enough for a germs that have been herded in dark, dirty corners. One month is long enough to lose in an accident the land that ought to make the children's dresses in that hame of the future. Three years of werwork, with hasty meals and late hours, is enough to leave a girl who is not of the strongest so tired that she will never be rested for the remainder of her life.

Even if all these things were not true, life is short, and youth is shorter. Why not give all the thought she ran, "until she give all the thought she ran, "until she marries," to the place where she spends the sunlight hours through three haulired and sixty-sive days of the verie. Every girl has right to be happy in her work, with all that this implies. Whether she chooses professional life and becomes a doctur or librarian or stemography or enters a store, she will do well to consider all these questions. In the next lear articles under "The All Round Girl" there is opportunity to bould upon only a few of the occupations of girls.

BU YOU LIKE YOUR IPOUK?

Du you love to ile dainty, careful work with your fingers, such as is needed in mak-

tining process, means a strain that no girl who has not good health to begin with vought to attempt. But the girl who has not firmal health often accomplishes wonders by right living, taking all the rest and fresh air possible out of hours, eating wholesome food, keeping her digestian working real, and letting patent medicines ulone. Even at a little higher ways, it is poor lusiness to scarfice health. If you should drop out of the rare in a few years, who much brong in your substitute of the rare in a few years, who much brung in your solary?

In one splendidly managed button furteery rerey person employed is first given a tiring process, means a strain that no girl

tory reery person employed is first given a physical examination and placed in work accordingly. No girl with weak eyes, fur

instance, is allowed to do "skading," sorting out huttons according to their shade of color, a reli-paid position if one can endure the stram; and my person of m would be injured by much standing is given a character to six at his work. A little thought on the girl's part will often help out in this matter, too ARR VOUR WAGES INCOM? Oregon decided a little while ago to mak n has that no employer could pay may garlless that seed per week for work in a factory, or \$9.25 in a stare. The difference is

instance, is allowed to do "skading,"

made because a sales; In the treelve other States that have taken up the "mini-num wage" ques-tion, the amount agreed apon has been nearly the same. But in New York State, at the latest census report, groupe warkat the latest census report, momen work-ers were receiving the following aver-age mages: unilliners, \$7.63; makers of women's clothing, \$7.68; artificial florer and feather makers, \$6.20; book-binders, \$6.13; makers, \$5.95; box makers, \$5.05; and the average for ncanufacturing

a H manufacturing A grit should all pursuits was \$5.54.
If this is the average some fulls must have flow fresh receiving a great deal less. "New York is not alone in this.
The first question is, "Are you curring a fair lying wage?" The account, "Are you getting it?" Under a minimum rage lare, those who do not deserve a living vago would either loss their places are be taught to do better. There would be more trath than ever in the myring:

"There is a future for the fellow Who does the best in can And then some. It's the 'then some' that counts."

But it is exactly as much a girl's daty to get the wage, if she cur, as to tern it. The grif who has a fair wage can live a more wholesome life, can help others, and lay up strongth for the home that is perhaps to come. One girl alone cannot always decome. One gir about callide many, unand the wages she ought to have; but all working together intelligently can help, and it has been done without strikes or violence. in some cases. Even if the girl does not reup the benefits of her efforts, her children may.

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE BO YOU WORK IN? Light, air, cleanliness, heat in winter, protection from lire and acculent, smallary toilet arrangements, a chance to sit down part of the day; these things the girl who is looking for a place cannot afford to neglect.

If to three absolute needs the factory adds of bid of ground clerrs the actives am play games at man, a clean, restful hundrinous, occasional rest periuls shrange the day, and the zare of a muse in case of accudent or illness, who model not like it cack in [22]. All those things have been done, and without great added exposed to the endogener, and the state of the control of the DOES VOOD EMPLOYED KEEP THE LAW? Every State has some lars about the kind of factories girls may work in, the hours they may reark, and all the other matters made because a salesgirl must dress befor

A girl should always ask the question: "Is my work suited to my health?"

inter now have used. Some factories do not keep these laws. If their workers do not come these these these these factories do not come the heart the difference, who will stop them? By writing to the Factory Commission in the capital city of her State, any girl can be not heart these horse way. A complaint, about any law that is not kept may be sent about any law that is not kept may be sent to this same Frietary Commission, shirls sends official inspectors to visit factories; or to the Canamers' Legacy, an organization of women who have agreed to buy only goods that are made under right conditions, and in stores where proper rules are kept. These remains table have inspectors who visit factories and look out far the welfare of those at work in them. The National office is at 289 Fourth Avenue, Naw York City, but it is letter in write to the State office if there is may if there become

DO YOU LIKE THE OTHER HIRES?

Do you lake trust critical minus?

"When I canno, it was a regular thing for the girls in the factory to have screps once in so aften. We don't have then any more; the girls are too inputed of this good name; The spreaker was a "nodfare worker," as a presun is called who is bird in some factories to look after the soundert, health, and huppaness of the nursless. She had helped the girls to form chile, start a realing-man, ander good humbes together, and, hest of all, to bear it has spirit of "team work," of loyalty to a common purpose and to each other. Can you fauce how work "scape" were the rule of the day?

The hest way to like the other girls is to

were the rule of the day?

The host way to like the other girls is to
get acquainted with them, and to forget all
differences in marking together for a good
time are a good clause. In a rity which hase
good Young Women's Christian Association hubling, clubs from the different factories often go together to take swimming
become of Bilds ethals, or to know marks bries aften ga together to take swimming brosons or Bilde stully, or to have parties or furna rhasses in millinery, cooking, or a chazen other things. Club are usually velevance to meet in the huilding, whether under the control of the Association or ant. Other self-govering clubs of norking girls are arguingled by the National Levyace of Women Wurkers, 25 East Thricth Street, New York City, which is glad to hip those who wish to start new clubs in any place.

Leans nut to judge, for me do not know the serrets of the heart. We judge men by gifts, or by a correspondence with our own preculiarities, but God judges by falchity— Robertson.



BIFF

MCCARTY

THE EAGLE SCOUT EDWIN PULLER



ginals preferred and variety desired. Ple such answers with all puzzles contribut oblems should have their solutions indicat

1254. ENIGMA

I am composed of ninety-four letters. My 60, 16, 50, 36, 6 was a governor of

My 20, 31, 8, 61, 5, 24 is a book of the Bible.

Bible.

My 52, 28, 57, 34, 18, 65, 78 was one whom Paul called a son.

My 21, 39, 12, 67, 2 was translated.

My 11, 38, 25, 43, 4, 69, 45 is one of the foundation stones of the 10ty City.

My 86, 49, 92, 33, 10 is a number often mentioned in the Scriptures.

My 71, 66, 84, 30, 82 is a book of the 235, 71, 66, 84, 30, 82 is a book of the

My 40, 62, 73, 80, 75, 14 is where Joseph

My 49, 62, 73, 80, 73, 14 is what a design found his brothers. My 77, 19, 42, 58 was a wicked king. My 91, 46, 54, 63, 89, 51–59, 37 is one to whom the ark brought blessing. My 27, 70, 1, 44, 48, 81, 61 was one of the

My 27, 75, 8, disciples.

My 15, 88, 23, 41, 74, 56, 29 was a city where Esther lived.

My 99, 83, 94, 26, 76 is the one to whom

My 9, 87, 13, 3, 32, 22 is a city where Paul

preached. My 53, 72, 17, 55 it was said Satan should My 35, 47, 7, 68 was forefather of the

My 93, 85, 79 was Abram's nepliew. My whole is a verse from one of the Gos-

pels. Charleston, Illinois. ORA BROWN

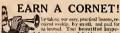
1255. HOLLOW HEXAGON

1 - - 2 6 ---- 3

1 to 2, to coin.
2 to 3, to become weary.







by taking our easy, practical leasants, re-cursed workly, by muil, and paid for an learned. Your beautiful Impe-oral itab solutely free at end forst quarie. Var Calaloy and Testimonials will consider you. INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL, 235 Federal Street, Beston, Mass-



MUSIC TAUGHT FREE ltar, Banjo, ele. Beginners or advanced pul IERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 44 Lakeside Sidg., Chic

Tamphair, Lipton, Ralla, Airems, Cella, Bastierion, Current Reverses, Electric Engine, Die. By Electrical Engine, Electric Engine, Electric Intelligence and Landaud H. Willer Cell. Lil 1949 Postupaid J. C. DORN, 705 Sc. Dearborn SL., Dapt. 104, Chicago, Ill.



3 to 4, a direction.
5 to 4, a haven.
6 to 5, to vault.
6 to 1, a kind of soil.
1 to 4, sent incorrectly.
5 to 2, immediate.
6 to 3, unemployed.

ALAN E. GRAY. Grafton, North Dakota

1256. EASY ANAGRAMS

Each example is made up of letters which are to be arranged in such a way as to spell one word. After each example the meaning of its word is printed.

1. O Nelly. Meaning: All by oneself.
2. Tell it. Meaning: Not large.
3. Do swim. Meaning: Knowledge and good judgment.
4. Be slow. Meaning: Parts of a man's arms.
5. Bd bit me. Meaning: A part of the day that generally comes too soon.
6. Hold, I say. Meaning: Times for fun and play.—Selected.

Answers

G

1249. 1. DIET. 2. TIED.

air."

2. 115D. 3. EDIT. 4. TIDE. 1250. Noiselessly, handsome, attention, finess, would, weather, answer, blunt, brass, refr, u. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweethess on the desert

Bank Identification by Finger Prints

Prints

The use of the finger-print method of identification, which has proved so successful in police work, is to be applied to banking, and is expected to overcome much of the objection to illiterate depositors formerly made by bank officials. Finger prints are sufficient for positive identification, as no two persons have ever been found who make such impressions exactly alike. In banking practice a depositor who is unable to write his name will be required to make on a card an ink impression of the first three fingers of the right hand, of the first three fingers of the right hand and comparison with this impression will serve as positive identification on all subsequent occasions.

Ir is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is his. All men's winters are his—the winter of our poverty —the winter of our sorrow—even the winter of our discontent.—George Macdonald.

Topics for February 13 Sunday School Lessons

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JOHOM, FIRST 12-3.

20. Review, YEAR
20. Review
JOHAND, Tried of the Friendless. Luke 7. 3660.

JUNIOR, THIRM YEAR
20. King Abab and the Prophet Elijab. I
Kings 16. 23 to 17. 24.

JUNIOR, FOUTPUT YEAR
20. Teachings about the Future. Mark 13.

1-37. Every Visit.

Joeb. 7, 16-26; Gen. 39, 1-10; 2 Pet. 1, 5-9, etc. 5
SENION, Finest Yatu
20. Ministerior Heiling (Medical Missions), 20. Ministerior Heiling (Medical Missions), 5
SENION, SECOND YAM, 20. 1-5, Acte 3, 1-10.
ZOE Establishment of a New Capital—Samaria. 1 Kings, chapter 16.
SENION, Thirds VYAH
20. Some Ideal Christian Teachings. 1
Cor., chapters 12 to 16.

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ture the boy readers."
—Pittshurgh Christian Advocate.

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CHILL, when no one would refore and retreat, but was discovered by the teacher to have a talent for reproducing the wild flowers of the peaks with a marvelone like-to have a talent for reproducing the wild flowers of the peaks with a marvelone like-the lad is told so samply that it can be read by the very young, yet it has a brill for the best sellers at the Methodiet Book Rooms already. It is well worth read-ing."—New York is well worth read-ing."—New York Is as well worth read-

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